Which once in him abated, al the reſt
Turnd on themſelues, like dull and heauy lead.
And as the thing thats heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement flies with greateſt ſpeed:
So did our men, heauy in Hot-ſpurs loſſe,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſſe with their feare,
That arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Than did our ſouldiers aiming at their ſafetie,
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worceſter,
So ſoone tane priſoner, and that furious Scot,
The bloudy Douglas whoſe well labouring ſword,
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turnd their backes, and in his flight,
Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the ſumme of all
Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath ſent out,
A ſpeedy power to incounter you my lord,
Vnder the conduct of yong Lancaſter,
And Weſtmerland: this is the news at ful.

*Earle* For this I ſhal haue time enough to mourne,
In poiſon there is phiſicke, and theſe newes,
Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me ſicke:
Being ſicke, haue (in ſome meaſure) made me wel:
And as the wretch whoſe feuer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe hinges buckle vnder life,
Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes; euen ſo my limbes,
Weakened with griefe: being now enragde with griefe,
Are thrice themſelues: hence therfore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with ioynts of ſteele
Muſt gloue this hand, and hence thou ſickly coiſe,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſht with conqueſt, ayme to hit:
Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
The raggedſt houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
To frowne vpon th'inraged Northumberland,





Let heauen kiſſe earth, now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wild floud confind, let Order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a lingring act:
But let one ſpirite of the firſt borne Cain
Raigne in all boſomes, that ech heart being ſet
On bloudy courſes, the rude ſceane may end,
And darkneſſe be the burier of the dead.

*Vmfr.* This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong my lord.

*Bard.* Sweet earle, diuorce not wiſedom from your honor,

*Mour.* The liues of all your louing complices,
Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,
To ſtormy paſſion muſt perforce decay.

*Bard.* We all that are ingaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventured on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
And yet we venturd for the gaine propoſde,
Choakt the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are oreſet, venture againe:
Come, we will al put forth body and goods.

*Mour.* Tis more then time, and my moſt noble lord,
I heare for certaine, and dare ſpeake the truth.

*North.* I knew of this before, but to ſpeake truth,
This preſent griefe had wipte it from my mind,
Go in with me and counſell euery man,
The apteſt way for ſafety and reuenge,
Get poſtes and letters, and make friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, and neuer yet more need. *exeunt.*

*Enter ſir Iohn alone, with his page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

*Iohn* Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the doctor to my water?

*Page* He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy water, but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diſeaſes then he knew for.



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